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A 1486.df.13

POEM.

Occasion'd by the Sight of

A

Modern Library.

With some very Useful

EPISODES,

AND

DIGRESSIONS.

-------- Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerunq; secat res.
-------- Utile dulci. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1712.

A

POEM.

A

Modern Library.

AND

DIGRESSIONS.

Moſt NOBLE PRINCE

HENRY,

Duke of BEAUFORT,

Marquiſs and Earl of *Worceſter*,

Earl of *Glamorgan*, Baron *Herbert*,

Lord of *Chepſtow*, *Ragland*,

and *Gower*;

AND THE

Illuſtrious Brotherhood,

Over which his GRACE Preſides;

THIS

POEM

Is humbly Dedicated, by their

moſt Obedient, moſt Dutiful

and Humble Servant,

T. N.

15
60
APR

THE PREFACE.

THO' *the Intereſts of* Vertue *and* Religion *are beſt ſecur'd by the ſevereſt Reaſon and Argument; yet I hope a leſs Solemn Recommendation of 'em to the World, may not be eſteem'd a Prejudice to either. How oft has a Stubborn Folly been ſucceſsfully arraign'd by a candid and eaſy Rebuke which had long maintain'd it ſelf againſt a more powerful, tho' a leſs familiar Conviction? If we can ſmile away the Follies of an Adverſary, ſport with his Vanities, and laugh him into a Senſe of his Errours, why ſhould we forfeit that exquiſite*

Pleaſure

*Pleasure of Complacency and good Humour, which a malicious Conflict with a Rival, wou'd most certainly deprive us of. If we miscarry in an Attempt of this Nature, our Defeat wou'd be the less dishonourable, because we seem'd only to play and trifle with the Mistakes of an Author; but shou'd we under the mask of a little Raillery, Wit, and good Humour, obtain our end, 'twou'd double our Satisfaction, as well as the Glory of our Conquest. Two Important * Debates, of the utmost consequence in Religion, have with wonderful Applause lately appear'd in the World; the Beauties of their Authors Stile, the Purity of their Diction, the elegant Turn of Thought, and above all a Torrent of severe but good-natur'd Wit drew a thou-*

* Vide *Echard's* Contempt of the Clergy, *and* Timothy *and* Philatheus.

sand

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 APR

ſand Readers to peruſe an Hypotheſis they little Imagin'd ever to eſpouſe; but they were inſenſibly deluded into good Principles, and betray'd into a Conviction of thoſe very Truths, they came on purpoſe to deride and ridicule; where they expected to gratify a Fancy only, they found a more real advantage, in the Reformation of their Judgment, and from Admirers of the Authors Wit and Beauties, became at laſt Proſelytes to their Opinions.

If in two or three inſtances I have tranſgreſs'd my own Rules, the Fool *or the* Knave *muſt be imagin'd very Notorious; and that thoſe tender and merciful Laſhes that were judg'd Sufficient for little Offenders, wou'd hardly have reach'd the Vanities of the one, or the Villanies of the other. And if I am thought to have injur'd any Perſon in his Character, or to have*

ſaid

ſaid as much as I am able, I muſt beg leave to aſſure the World, that it was owing to abundance of Humanity and good Nature, I did not ſay a great deal more; and would rather adviſe 'em to ſit eaſy and quiet under the Innocent Rebukes of a Satyr, *than provoke others to prepare that Correction, which their Ignorance, their Impudence, or both, have ſo juſtly deſerv'd.*

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A

POEM.

Occasion'd by the Sight of

A Modern Library.

HE *Tea* was sip'd, *Ocella* gone
To regulate Affairs alone,
When from the Marriage Lumber freed,
The *Doctor* with himself decreed
To Nod——or, much the same, to Read.
He always seem'd a wondrous Lover
Of Painted Leaf, and *Turky* Cover,
While no regard at all was had
To Sots in homely Russet clad,

Concluding he muſt be within
A Calf, that wore without, his Skin.
Scott, if in Rags, was not admir'd,
While * *Lacy* ſeem'd as much inſpir'd,
And in rich Purple nicely dreſt,
Diſcours'd as ſaintly as the beſt.
Great Sherlock, Barrow, and thoſe few
That teach our Paſſions to ſubdue,
Without gilt Backs he would deſpiſe,
Which ſeem'd at beſt but dully Wiſe;
And *Bunnian's Pilgrim* ſhew'd the way
To Paradiſe as well as they.

But tho his Thoughts were fixt to read,
The Treatiſe was not yet decreed,
Uncertain to devote the Day
To Politicks or elſe to Play;
What Theme wou'd beſt his Genius ſuit,
Grave Morals, or a dull Diſpute,
Where both contending Champions boaſt,
The Victory, which neither loſt;
As † Chiefs are oft in Story read,
Each to purſue, when neither fled.

* *A whimſical odd Fellow, and a Preacher among the* Camiſars. † *See the Battel of* Mons, 1709.

He

He enters now the ſhining Dome
Where crouded Authors ſweat for Room;
So cloſe, a Man cou'd hardly ſay
Which was more fixt, the Shelves, or They;
Each with his golden Title tells
Its Author's Name, and where he dwells;
And to enlarge his Credit more,
Directs us to his very Door,
Boaſting of Wonders to be ſeen,
If we have Faith to look, within.

To pleaſe the Eye, the Higheſt ſpace
A Sett of Wooden Volumes grace;
Pure Timber Authors that contain
As much as ſome that Boaſt a Brain;
That *Alma Mater* never veiw'd,
Without Degrees to Writers hew'd;
Yet Solid thus juſt Emblems ſhew
Of the dull Brotherhood below,
Smiling their Rivals to ſurvey,
As great and Real Blocks as they.

Diſtinguiſh'd then in even rows,
Here ſhines the *Verſe*, and there the *Proſe*,

(For tho' *Britannia* ſairer looks
United, 'tis not ſo with Books);
The Champions of each different Art
Had ſtations all aſſign'd apart,
Fearing the Rival Chiefs might be
For Quarrels ſtill, nor dead agree.
The *Schoolmen* firſt in long Array
Their bulky Lumber round diſplay;
Seem'd to lament their wretched Doom,
And heave for more convenient Room.
While Doctrine each of weight contains
To crack his Shelves as well as Brains;
Since all with him were thought to dream
That flag'd, before they fill'd a Rheam:
His Authors wiſely taught to prize,
Not for their Merit, but their Size;
No ſurer Method ever found
Than buying Writers by the pound;
For Heaven muſt needs his Breaſt Inſpire,
That Scribling fill'd each Month a Quire,
And claim'd a Station on his Shelves,
Who ſcorn'd each Sot, who fool'd in Twelves.

Say, Goddeſs! thou that tak'ſt delight
To live and ledge with Folks that writ,

What

What Numbers justly may describe
The Orders of the learned Tribe?
Fierce Wits, that long at Variance stood,
And drew much Ink, but little Blood,
Each other's Pardon now implore,
The Cudgells drop and snarl no more,
And filling now the self-same place
No longer Combat, but Embrace.

Here vanquish'd *Ben——y*, dreading still
The force of BOYLE's victorious Quill,
All suppliant now, devoutly swore
He ne're wou'd question *Æsop* more,
But own each Page authentick stood
Some Centuries before the Flood;
Who, tho' the Tyrant's Bull of Brass
Did for a mighty Wonder pass,
On purpose wrote, to have it known
He made much bigger of his own.

Maurus and *G——h* their Feuds survive,
And here in endless Friendship live;
Kindly concording, now impart
Their healing Power and rhiming Art;

Unrivall'd

Unrivall'd Heroes both confeſt
To cloſe a Life, or break a Jeſt,
And *both*, with *both*, *Apollo*'s bleſt.
But who can mention *Maurus* Name,
Without a Line to crown his Fame?
Upon whoſe Brows Inſpiring hung
Large Poppy Wreaths, when e'er he ſung,
Whoſe Kindred Rhime their Nature keep,
Gently diſpoſing Folks to ſleep;
Then ſay, Great Mirrror of our Time,
(Not half ſo fam'd for Cures as Rhime)
Why ſhou'dſt thou other means purſue
To heal with Drugs, when Verſe will do?
Five tender Diſticks from thoſe ſtrains
Where *Arthur* moans, and *Job* complains,
Shall ever boaſt a Power to ſteep
The wakefull'ſt Eyes in downy Sleep.
When ſtrongeſt Opiats nought avail,
Preſcribe thy Muſe, 'twill never fail;
Nere trouble Phyſick with a Cure,
Each Page of thine will work as ſure.
With whatſoever Ills oppreſt,
Is ſure to give thy Patient Reſt.

See next the MANTUAN BARD appears,
And in his hand th' *Æneid* bears;
Ten thousand Lawrels round him spread,
Bloom ready to adorn his Head,
Their Greens too Languid to bestow
That Fame which to his Verse we ow.
Such Magick fills each heavenly Line
We read and reading grow Divine;
Conscious we feel the Extacy,
And seem inspir'd as well as He;
With him we soaring gain the Skies,
Yet know not whence, or how we rise.
But see what Clouds of sullen Woe
Sadly obscure his lawrel'd Brow;
While the bright Glory that surrounds
His sacred Head, his Sorrow drowns.
In vain the weeping Muse essays
To ease his Grief with proffer'd Bays;
Tho', fam'd beyond the starry Sky,
She vow'd th' *Æneid* ne're shou'd Dye!
But while we thus his Grief explore,
Oh veiw the Cause, nor wonder more,
See closely fixt on either hand
His * two Translators near him stand.

* Og lby *and* L—d—le

Oblig'd

Oblig'd to hear them both rehearse
His wondrous Song in doggrel Verse;
Thus doom'd to all succeeding Times
To gingle in dull *Britiſh* Rhimes.
" He never thought, Great Bard, to ſee
" His *Roman* Ladies ſipping Tea,
" Divine *Lavinia* taking Snuff,
" Or grave *Æneas* charge in Buff,
" Againſt his *Latian* Foes advance
" With Musket now, inſtead of Launce;
" While mighty *Turnus* owes his Fall
" Not to a Jav'lin but a Ball;
" Shot thro' the Belly in the Fray,
" Expiring a genteeler way.

Had *Withers*, *Shirly*, or the Good
Laureat of *Cambridge* near him ſtood;
No wrinkle had been ſeen, nay more
Even *R* —— *ll*'s ſelf he cou'd have bore,
(Where Nature taking wondrous pains
To furniſh Guts, ne're thought o' Brains,)
But doom'd to periſh by a Foe,
Yet hug the Arm that gave the Blow,
A Fate was look't on too ſevere
For Heaven to fix, or him to bear.

So much unlike appear'd their Strains
To thoſe He Sung on *Latian* Plains,
(Begging their Readers to diſpenſe
With pretty Cutts inſtead of Senſe,)
That from thoſe Lines their Pencil drew,
Scarce his own ſelf great *Maro* knew;
Till honeſt *Loggan* let him ſee
In Copper plates it muſt be He;
No longer then he cou'd refuſe,
But from the Cutts, confeſt the Muſe.

Oh! who can view without a Tear
Great PINDAR's Muſe and *D——y* near?
Whoſe ſoaring Wit ne're higher flew
Than to endite for *Barthol'mew*,
Setting, for Sots at Country Fairs,
Dull baudy Songs to *Purcel's* Airs;
But here how ſweetly they combine
Their Fancies club and Numbers join!
While the bold *Gracian* nobly Sings
Of Gods, of Heroes, and of Kings,
And ſomething more than mortal Fire
Exalts his Voice, and warms his Lyre,
That, fir'd with each tranſporting Page,
We feel . is Heat, and catch his Rage;

While each Immortal Warrior's Name,
His Muſe tranſmits to deathleſs Fame,
Green Wreaths upon their Herſe beſtows,
And ev'ry Wound immortal grows!
But much, oh! very much below
Our meek *Pindaricks* gently flow,
In ſoft and eaſie Metre creep,
And juſt oblige us not to ſleep,
While Lovers ſtorm, and Heroes weep.
Let thy dull *Pegaſus* no more
To *Lyrick* Song attempt to ſoar;
Nor with thy Weight preſume to riſe,
With rival Strength, above the Skies,
Which trotts much better than he flies.
Let PINDAR's Muſe record the Flames
Of Heav'nly Nymphs, Celeſtial Dames,
Be thou content to whine and tell
How *Strephon* charm'd, and *Phillis* fell;
Or with that Willow grace thy Song,
Where late deſpairing *Chloe* hung,
While the ſad Tree the Story owns,
Sprouting each *May* with Sighs and Groans,
Which, fann'd with *Zephyrs*, never fail
To waft abroad the doleful Tale,

And ſhall to future Times remain
Sacred to Love and *Chloe* ſlain.
Bright Heroes in thy Liſt ſhall ſtand,
In modern Brunts that held Command,
Whoſe Bold Adventures ſhall out-ſhine
The Heroes all of *Ceſar*'s Line.
Brave *Arthur*, and his daring Crew,
Shall kill each Mother's Son they view;
And great *Pendragon*'s fatal Blade
Convert each Foe into a Shade;
Guy for *Alcides* ſhall command,
And *Highgate* for *Olympus* ſtand.

See next, in Purple ſeated high,
A dazling * *Wit* attracts the Eye,
Inviting, with his radiant Hue,
If not to read, at leaſt to view;
Tho his dark lowring Aſpect ſhows,
That Nature meant the Fool for Proſe;
To waſte his little Senſe and Time,
In broaching any thing but Rhime.
Yet by degrees the Wretch aroſe
To trade in Verſe, from vending Hoſe;

* D. Foe, *he writ a dull ſcandalous Libel on all the Engliſh Nobility, call'd* The True born Engliſh-man.

And ſtill, in Nature's Spite, thinks meet,
Tho not in Socks, to deal in Feet.
The Toothleſs Satyr that he writes,
No other but its Author bites,
(Like thoſe miſtaken Curs of yore
That for the Stag their Maſter tore;)
Where harmleſs Pun and witty Clinch
Mumble ſometimes but never pinch;
And aiming at a Wound, are ſure
To give us Smiles, and work our Cure.
Hadſt thou no other damning Crime,
Juſtice might fairly urge thy Rhime;
Heav'n's Votaries have ſtill pretence
To Piety, at leaſt to Senſe;
But Villains dull, as well as rude,
A double Juſtice muſt exclude.
If e'er thy Sins thou doſt rehearſe,
Be ſure in Tears clap in thy Verſe;
Pardon for that with Sighs implore,
Confeſs thy Guilt, and write no more;
Content to match thy Fame with thoſe
That live, and Aſſes die in Proſe.
But if no Councel can reclaim
Thy daring Pen, and Fancy tame,

That

That * *Engine* view, where lately hung
Thy Muſe, and thee exalted ſung,
Let that at leaſt engage thy Fears,
And drop thy Pen, to ſave thy Ears.
Oh of what ſtrange and powerful Uſe
Are Pill'ries to inſpire a Muſe!
Hark, in what Hymns, and grateful Lays,
The Pendent Bard reſounds their Praiſe!
From rotten Eggs, that round him flew,
His happy Inſpirations drew,
Whoſe balmy Scent inſpir'd his Vein,
To ſend 'em back in Verſe again.
O help *Apollo*, now's the Time,
To ſave thy Son for future Rhime!
See on his Wooden Throne diſmaid,
He, peeping thro', implores thy Aid,
The only time he ever pray'd.
And begs thee to relieve his Wants,
In *Helicon* or kinder *Nants*,
A Liquor of as Sovereign Uſe
As *Aganippe*'s Noble Juice,
To raiſe and cheer his drooping Muſe.

---

* *He writ an infamous Libel call'd* The Shorteſt Way, *for which he was apprehended and ſtood in the* Pillory, *to which afterwards he wrote a* Hymn.

See

See round his Venerable Head
Bright Turnip Greens for Lawrel spread!
The Luſtre that his Temples crown'd,
In ſable Showrs of Ordure drown'd.
Yet *Phœbus* let this Wretch forgive
Revenge thy ſelf, and let him live!
(Ador'd by thoſe his ſaucy Muſe
In ſcoundrel Satyr durſt abuſe,
Where oft the ſtarving Villain fed,
Cring'd for a groat, and fawn'd for Bread.)
Atoning thus for each Offence
Committed againſt thee and Senſe,
Till all the ſtuff the *Idiot* wrote
Will ſcarce gain credit for a Groat;
Till ſtarv'd, and rotting in a Gaol,
He trucks his Poetry for Ale,
(Too richly pay'd, if his three parts
Will fetch him in as many Quarts)
And ſhou'd his boaſted Labours bring
But Pence beſide to buy a String,
Let him, th' experiment to try,
Swing his own *Shorteſt way*, and Dye!

---

* CHAUCER, the chief of all the Throng
That whilom dealt in ancient Song

(Whoſe

(Whose lawrel'd Fame shall never cease,
While Wit can charm, or Humour please,)
Lyes all in tatters on the Ground,
With Duſt inſtead of Lawrel's crown'd.
Teaching Mankind that Poets have
With vulgar Wits one common Grave;
That all their boaſted Labours muſt
Like other Folks ſubmit to Duſt;
Partake their Fate the common way,
And Verſe it ſelf be turn'd to Clay;
That none ſhall tell, while mix'd we lye,
Which mighty SPENCER was, which I;
Nor, in one common Dungeon thruſt,
JOHN DRYDEN's from JOHN BUNNIAN's duſt;
Empty alike both Skulls we view
Of the ſame Thickneſs, Form and Hue;
Unknowing now which Pate contains
The greater ſtock of Senſe or Brains;
While *Bunnian* here is every whit
As bright, and looks as like a Wit;
For the grim Jaw of hungry Time
Has no regard at all for Rhime,
But bluntly down together mows
Wits fam'd for Verſe, as well as Proſe;

Com-

Commanding oft the self same Verse
To hide the Poet and the Verse,
While sweetly in one common Fire
The Labour and the Bard expire.
This *Tutchin* found, whose Works awhile
With melting Softness charm'd our Isle;
But when their dying Lord withdrew,
They took the hint, and vanish'd too.
Thus * *Job*, and thus the *British Prince*,
Were once, but never heard of since.
The † Muse that in Immortal Lays
So nobly sung *Eliza's* Praise,
(Extoll'd, beneath a fancy'd Name,
No Fairy but a *British* Dame,)
With all his boasted Power to save
All other Lawrels from the Grave,
In a dark Corner rudely thrown,
Now wants a Power to save his own;
Tho' Heaven it self his Bosom fir'd,
And all the God his Breast inspir'd,
That *Phœbus* self from SPENCER's Muse
Might Softer Strains, and Numbers chuse;
Make *Daphne* listen to his Lay,
And force the flying Nymph to stay!

* *Two Poems writ by Sr.* R. B. † *Spence.*

Yet

With all his Wit deſerves no more,
Than a poor ſhelf behind the Door;
His Heroes in each warlike Page
In hotter Feuds muſt now engage;
And Foes more dreadful here withſtand,
Than all they drub'd in Fairy Land;
Regardleſs now of Raviſh'd Dame,
Each guards a Cuſtard from the Flame,
Tho' *whilom* they diſdain'd to lye
Beneath ſo weak an Enemy,
Brave *Gyon*, and *Sir Britomart*,
Inſtead of Nymphs, protect a Tart;
Tho once averſe to warm Deſire,
Are deſtin'd now to fall by Fire;
All his brave Cheifs in order fry,
And every Warriour ſaves a Pye.

Melodious W——RS by himſelf,
In learned Tatters, bends a Shelf,
Tho none ſo baſe as to diſpute
His Title to a better Suit;
He ſadly moans, expos'd to air,
His Cover thin, and Livery bare;
Grinning with Envy to behold
His meaner Rivals ſhine in Gold,

Thy dying Muſe, when urg'd by Fate,
Might ſure have claim'd to lye in State;
Tho living ſcorn'd, and never read,
Like other things, admir'd when dead.
But ſee! She hardly is allow'd,
Mingled among the common Croud,
The wretched Honours of a Shroud.
But both together muſt decay,
Kindly conſume and turn to Clay;
No curious Eye ſhall e're preſume
To alter her appointed Doom;
Her peaceful Labours to moleſt,
But ſeal 'em up in endleſs Reſt,
That Sleep, allow her, in the Grave,
Which ſhe to all, when living, gave.

Cloſe by the Door, if not behind,
Poor OVID had a place aſſign'd;
And in a muſty corner pent,
Beg'd for a ſecond Baniſhment;
With all his Wit, cloſe ramm'd between
Two Rival Bards of *Aberdeen*,
The firſt of all the Northern Clime
That turn'd Adventurers in Rhime,

To teach Mankind, and let 'em see ——
How Zeal and Verſe may well agree,
And that ſuch *Pious Folks* as They
Can Rhime ſometimes, as well as Pray.
Inſtead of *Aganippe's* Flood,
From *Britiſh* Streams each drank as good;
And boaſted Hills as high as that
Where *Phœbus* and his Muſes ſat,
With this ſmall difference alone,
That had two Heads, and ours but one!
Tho no ſoft *Tyber* rowls along
To aid their Verſe, and raiſe their Song;
Great *Humber*'s Stream, and *Solway*'s Tide,
As full of Inſpiration glide;
With Fancies fraught their Waters flow,
And rowl with Raptures as they goe!
Inſtead of VIRGIL's ſacred Page,
That us'd his Wonder to engage,
He now attends the rigid Fights
Of Doughty Heroes, hardy Knights,
One Leg lop'd off, that urg'd their Foe
As fierce, as when they fought on Two!
For *Turnus*, Great *Argyle* commands,
And *Douglas* for *Æneas* ſtands;

Tho' *H——n* appear too long
To Rhime in Verſe, and *Brittiſh* Song;
What Heroe in the *Latian* Muſe
Ere ſounded half ſo big as *Bruce*!
Entail'd more Glory on his Race
Than his bold Sword in *Chivy-chaſe*!
Where doubty Chiefs, renown'd for Fight,
Obſcur'd the *Roman* Valour quite;
Whoſe ſilly Arms upon Record,
Were only vulgar Pike and Sword,
While theſe with Gun and Piſtol found,
A neater way their Foes to wound.

Behold the Bard whoſe daring Pen
The Squabbles drew 'twixt Gods and Men,
Alone upon a duſty Shelf
Deſcribe their Combats by himſelf;
For Ages paſt no mortal Sight,
Had once beheld the furious Fight;
None knowing if the Champions ſtout
Engag'd in Armour or without;
Whether the Foe attack'd the Wall
With battering Ram, or Iron Ball,
How the fam'd *Troy* at length was won
With Horſe of Timber or of Bone

The weeping Queen of Beauty found
No Reader to lament her Wound;
And not a Soul for Years had read
Whose Troops purſu'd, whose Legions fled;
While Heaven's kind Aid both ſides invoke,
How *Jove* himſelf receiv'd a Stroke,
And, no Celeſtial Med'cine found,
Took up with Balſam for his Wound,
But binding on his Plaiſter ſwore
He ne'er woud leave *Olympus* more
Or peep from Heaven's ſecurer ſhades
To veiw again ſuch fighting Blades,
Who warring for ſo fair a Prize
Had no regard for Deities.
How *Paris*, free from hoſtile Jarrs
Engag'd at home in ſofter Wars:
Bid rival Heroes ſtrive for Fame,
In deathleſs Annals write their Name;
While bleſt with *Helen*'s lovely Eyes,
They ſhar'd the Blows and he the Prize!
In Beauty's cauſe his Youth employ'd,
And as they conqure'd he enjoy'd.

Oh! who can thus unmov'd deſcry
The Great *Meonian* poorly lye;

Entomb'd

Entomb'd in duſt, nor on his Herſe
Kindly beſtow one grateful Verſe!
Shall States contend his Birthrights Fame
And we not tremble at his Name,
Our great Arrears of Duty pay,
And Gratitude, as well as they?
Without a Tear his Heroes view,
New Labours urge, new Toils purſue,
More fatal far, than all they bore
On fam'd *Scamander*'s bleeding Shore.
Great *Priam*, in a Kite aſcends,
And *Hectors* ſelf a Caſement mends;
New Tryals for their Valour find,
Inſtead of Men, to combat Wind;
The ſturdy *Greek*, whoſe hardy Hide,
Cou'd ſtroaks of Oak, or Steel abide;
And worn inſtead of hardeſt Buff,
Was deem'd both Sword and Cudgel proof;
Is ſtrangely now ſurpriz'd to feel
More Places mortal than his Heel;
But Heroes well ſuch Slights may bear
When Gods themſelves no better fare!
Hermes, accuſtom'd to the Skies,
Aloft in fiery Rockets flies,

Swifter

Swifter than when from *Jove* he flew
To bear some amorous Billet Douz;
And warn the Unexpecting Dame,
To dress before his Highness came.
Phœbus, with all his Lustre bright
Is trim'd to deck a *Christmas* Light,
(All other Lights exceeding, far
As he himself out-shines a Star)
Till the bright God, that all things burns,
Flaming himself, to ashes turns.
The mighty *Mars*, for all he looks
Fierce both in Battels and in Books,
Strip't of his Armour, on the floor
All peaceful lies, and struts no more!
With *Juno*'s wond'rous witty Speech
Ocella fairly wip'd her ——
Her Birth and Godhead nought avail,
Prefer'd to Jakes from Madam's Tail.

GALLUS whose Numbers oft have charm'd
The coyest Nymph, and coldest warm'd;
(Doubly oblig'd to see and hear
The Verse so sweet, and he so Fair)
Is doom'd, by too severe a Fate;
To sing wi'hin an inch of T——TE!

While

While both beneath the ſelf-ſame Leather,
Like fair and foul in *April* weather,
Kindly concord, and Rhime together.
Thus have I often at a Play,
Survey'd a Nymph, profuſely Gay,
With all the Charms of Nature grac'd,
Cloſe by ſome wrinkled Beldam plac'd;
Oblig'd to hear the dowdy Thing
Her Triumphs boaſt, and Conqueſt Sing.
Whoſe Breath the want of Charms ſupplies,
And kiſſes more certain than her Eyes.

Oh! quickly, beauteous Queen of Love,
Thy ſuffering Fav'rite hence remove;
With thy own hand thy Darling bring
Where ADDISON and CONGREVE ſing,
(By whoſe Harmonious Art and Care
Thy Matchleſs Beauties ſhine more fair,)
To PRIOR, join his Rival Bays.
Or hift'ning to ſoft COWLEY's Lays;
Let him, intent on WALLER's Lyre,
To reach his daring Flights aſpire;
To Heaven the wond'rous Muſe purſue,
With equal Strength and Softneſs too.

Hark

Hark how thy *Iſis* weeping ſhore
Begins thy Abſence to deplore!
And all her penſive Nymphs in vain
Recal thee to her Banks again;
No more their drooping Heads they rear
Above their Waves, thy Song to hear,
While in their Breaſt a double Fire
Thy Muſick and thy Charms inſpire;
Then gently fall beneath the Tide,
Their Bluſhes and thy Power to hide.
See how her Swans their Pride forego,
In murm'ring Sighs confeſs their Woe!
Stretch't on their wat'ry Beds they lye,
And all their Ooſy Paſture fly;
No more with Silver Wings divide
And downy Breaſts, the parting Tide,
As when with eager haſte they flew
Thy diſtant Muſick to purſue,
And, by thy Voice inſtructed, try
To charm more ſoftly, as they die!
But while *Great* BEAUFORT's Acts Inſpire,
Demand his Voice, and claim his Lyre!
Bright to record the Patriot's Name,
In Verſe, as laſting as his Fame;

Thy ſmiling *Thames* forgets his Woe,
Reſigns the Muſe, and bids her goe,
Nobly to ſing, in deathleſs Lays,
Her own, beneath the Heroe's Praiſe.
* Immortal C——DEN there complains,
Curſing a Critick's uſeleſs Pains;
In Modern Charms expos'd to view,
He ſcarce his own *Britannia* knew,
Adorn'd with Wonders which his Eye,
A Lover's tho, could never ſpy.
Here he beholds huge Foreſt's riſe
From *Daniſh* blood, and meet the Skies,
While each complaining Tree records
The Fate of their unhappy Lords.
There *Elder* weeps from bleeding Vein,
Great *Sueno*'s Fall, and *Canute* ſlain;
While Winter Flowers, each rolling year,
Gay on their verdant Stalks appear;
Bloom from the celebrated † Thorn,
Mince-pies, and Windows to adorn,
Which ſome imagin'd, tho' untruly
Not in *December* born, but *July*.

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* *See Dr.* G——n's *Edit. of* Camden. † *See the Miracles of* Glaſtenbury *Abbey. Ibid.*

See, drawn by his Enchanting hand,
Britannia ſeems a fairy Land;
Druids and *Bards* frequent each Grove,
And Nymphs in every Thicket move!
To Streams and cooling Shades retire,
Kindly to bleſs ſome gentle Squire,
Unwilling yet too far to ſtray,
For fear of Satyrs in the way.
SPENCER, who ſent his Chiefs ſo far
To purchaſe Fame in feats of War,
Might here, not forc'd abroad to roam,
Have met with Giants nearer home,
His Heroe's trembling to defy
Fierce *Tudor*, or victorious *Guy*.
Twas pity * SIDNEY's fam'd Deſign
So long, Great Sage, preceeded Thine,
Philoclea elſe the Crown had worn,
And *Muſidorus* here been Born;
Cloſe by her Vanquiſh'd Lover's ſide
The fair *Parthenia* too had dy'd.
Thy every Page preſents our Sight
With Chiefs as brave, and Dames as bright,
As in her fam'd *Arcadian* Plain
Romantick *Greece* cou'd ever feign;

* *The Arcadia.*

And for the time to come ſhall ſtore us
With Warriours great as *Muſidorus*,
And every Grove oblige our Sight
With Virgins, as *Pamela*, bright;
That, furniſh'd with fair rural Dames,
Protecting Squires, and Lovers Flames,
We ne're ſhall want a Chief for fight,
While thou, and great * *Cervantes* write.

One day the *Doctor* quite o'ercome
With luſcious Tales of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Inſtead of taking Tea or Air,
Does to the Female World repair,
To pleaſe himſelf among the Fair,
(Where if no Senſe was to be found,
He's ſure to be oblig'd with Sound.)
SAPPHO had Softneſs, but her Song
Was Jargon all in ſuch a Tongue,
Requiring too much Pains to ſeek,
And labour for her Wit in *Greek*,
Which woud have edify'd as much
Recorded in *Chineſe* or *Dutch*.
DACIER, tho pen'd with ſo much Eaſe,
Too much a Critick, ſeem'd to pleaſe,

* Don Quixot.

But

But being Courtly and well bred;
And pleas'd with that he never read;
Smiling on every Page she writ,
Takes her on trust to be a Wit.
Italian Dames his Ears surprize
With Harmony of *O's* and *I's*,
So soft the tender Vowels chime,
No harsher Sense e'er marr'd the Rhime;
Of Strength depriv'd more gently flow,
And warble Musically low;
But when his searching Judgment found,
Neglecting Sense, they study'd Sound;
To *British* Dames he next apply'd
For that which *Greece* and *Rome* deny'd,
And sought amidst our Tuneful Fair
A Song more grateful to his Ear;
Where Harmony with Strength conspir'd—
To make the Verse, and Nymphs admir'd.
WH——N the coldest Breast might move,
But that she talk't too much of Love!
Of burning Flames, and hot Desire,
That every Line was red with Fire.
S——R, by Name and Nature made
For Musick and the Rhiming Trade,

For

For her weak Genius ſoar'd too high,
And loſt her Muſe above the ſky;
A flaming Sun, a radiant Light
In every Verſe diſtract our Sight,
Diffuſe their dazling Beams from far,
And not one Line without a Star!
Thro Streams of Light we ſeem to rove,
And tread on Shining Orbs above.
ORINDA next demands his view
For Titles fam'd and Rhiming too;
And had been read, but that her Song,
To be admir'd, was quite too long.
Their Miſtreſs want of Pride to ſhew
Her Numbers glide but wondrous low,
Inſtead of Rapture, give us Sleep,
And ſtriving to be humble, creep.
PH——PS in verſe her Paſſion told,
Intreats the Youth to be leſs cold;
Begs him, while Nature Charms denies,
To mind her Wit, and not her Eyes;
Inſtructs the Novice how to wooe,
And ſhews what little Art will do,
A Virgin's yielding Heart to move,
And melt a Breaſt inclin'd to Love!

Softneſs

Softneſs her Want of Senſe ſupplies,
She faints in every line and dyes;
Again reſumes her tender Strain,
And only lives to dye again.
Unhappy Maid, correct thy Muſe,
Some nearer way to Wedlock chuſe.
She warbles with ſo ill a Grace,
Thy Airs are coarſer than thy Face;
And will be found (believe me) ſtill
To frighten ten, for one they Kill.
Dear *Phillis*, then leave off in Time,
Lovers are ne're trepan'd by Rhime;
Thy Bobbins or thy Needle take,
Each will as deep impreſſions make;
And to enjoy the Youth's Embrace,
Caſhier thy Muſe, and ſtick to Lace.

A Crowd of other Females paſt,
Whoſe Fame for Verſe ſhall ever laſt,
While artleſs Sounds our Soul diſarm,
And Muſick, void of Senſe, can charm.
Immortal B——N at laſt he ſpy'd,
Hail beauteous Nymph! the Lover cry'd,
See at your Feet I proſtrate bow,
Neglecting every Fair, for you;

Their

Their worthleſs Labours tumbling o'er
In haſte, your Beauties to adore,
With your bright Features, or your Quill,
Arm'd with a double Power to Kill.

But as no Mortal thing below
Can long ſurvive without a Foe,
Here he beholds in Triumph ſit
The * bane of Beauty, Senſe and Wit;
Demoliſh'd Diſticks round his Head,
Half Lines and ſhatter'd Stanza's ſpread,
While the Inſulting Conquerour climbs
O'er mighty Heaps of ruin'd Rhimes,
And proudly mounted, views from high,
Beneath, th' Harmonious Fragments, lie;
Boaſting himſelf from Foes ſecur'd,
In Stanza's lodg'd, in Verſe immur'd.
Furious the Lover Silence broke
And thus, red hot with Vengeance, ſpoke;
And cou'd thy ſqueamiſh Stomach chuſe
To feaſt on nothing but a Muſe:
Nought elſe thy courtly Palate hit,
But Virgin Senſe and Female Wit,
My Fav'rite Nymph to nib and waſte,
To pleaſure thy luxurious Taſte;

* A Moth.

Seldom

Seldom content to ſup or dine
Without a Diſtick or a Line;
Making thoſe Rhimes thy Hunger fed,
Each Day thy Food, each Night thy Bed:
Proudly aſpiring thus to lie,
In Sheets of downy Poetry:
On twenty more deſign'd to be,
Fit Nouriſhment for ſuch as thee,
Thou might'ſt have fed, or made a Seat in;
Publiſh'd alone, but to be eaten,
Volumes fit only for a Neſt,
Where Vermin, ſuch as thou, ſhou'd reſt.
Had'ſt thou choſe rather to be pent in,
The Councils, *Lateran* or *Tridentine*,
(As many an honeſt Inſect feeds
On Canons and Outlandiſh Creeds.)
Meanly to no one Diſh confin'd,
Thou might'ſt have, great as *Cæſar*, din'd;
Cloy'd with inſipid Verſe, have choſe,
To diet on more ſavoury Proſe;
In Mighty Folio's lodg'd, been able
Greatly each day to ſhift thy Table:

And found Materials to aſſwage
Thy Hunger in each fruitful Page:
Or if Decrees and Councils ſhew'd
For Courtly Taſtes too mean a Food,
On Wars and Battels, ſeldom read,
Thou might'ſt without offence have fed;
Thy Rage the Warriours ſhou'd out-doe,
Eating up Fights and Heroes too;
In ſpight of all their Guns and Steel,
Devour a Champion at each meal;
Philippi but one Feaſt wou'd yield,
And ſcarce ſo much *Pharſalia*'s Field;
Great *Ammon's* Son muſt here ſubmit,
To be demoliſh'd at a Bit,
All others conquering, doom'd to be
Subdu'd at laſt by Puny Thee!
But ſay, while fifty more, as good,
If not for Senſe, at leaſt for Food,
Crowded on every Shelf appear,
Why, Envious Vermin, only here?
See, from their fair Apartment drove,
Here ſprawls a *Cupid*, there a Love;
Unarm'd, the Young Immortals ſhew,
This wants a Shaft, and that a Bow,

And Tears in mighty ſtreams diſtil,
Robb'd of their Tools to wound and kill.
Fair *Venus*, in a penſive mood,
Sadly laments her Mumbled Hood;
That nought beſide a Veil of Lawn
Was ore her radiant ſhoulders drawn,
While Two Meals more, without my Care,
Had ſtript the bluſhing Goddeſs bare.
Nor does fair Beauty's wounded Queen
Confeſs alone thy little Spleen;
The Muſe, whom brighter Charms adorn,
Laments her ſelf in peices torn.
See, ſcatter'd round thy dark abode,
Here lies a Satyr there an Ode,
Ceaſing, thro' thy malignant Spite,
Or this to praiſe, or that to bite.
And Elegy, but now too late,
Laments her own untimely Fate;
Thoſe Tears deſign'd for Lovers moan,
Sadly applying to her own.
A limping Line there wants a Foot,
The Rhime nib'd off, and Senſe too boot,
And mangled now, without a cloſe,
Degenerates into rumbling Proſe!

A Solitary Verſe alone,
His Partner quite devour'd and gone,
There weeps, he can no longer chime,
And warble with his Fellow Rhime;
With the ſad diſmal Loſs perplex'd,
He ſtrives to gingle with the next,
His Strength the ſame, and Softneſs too,
But wanting Sound it muſt not do.
Say then, before this murd'ring Thumb
Relentleſs ſeals thy certain Doom,
What Art or Cunning can repair
The Ruines of the Injur'd Fair?
Patch up her Muſick, and reſtore
The Nymph Harmonious as before?
But ſee, too proud to make amends,
(As Silence ſtill on Guilt attends,)
Speechleſs the Vermin turns away,
With not one ſingle Word to ſay,
Confeſſing thus the bloody Crime
Of wounding Wit, and murd'ring Rhime.
Take then a Life, Propitious Maid!
Sent to atone thy wand'ring Shade;
Tho' vile the Gift, 'tis, yet the moſt
I now can give thy injur'd Ghoſt.

But let one Foe, thus nobly ſlain,
Thy reeking Altar ſerve to ſtain,
Till thouſands more, before thy Eye,
To pleaſe thy glutted Vengeance, dye;
Thy Soul thus giving, by their Doom,
Thro' endleſs Scenes of Bliſs to roam.
Diverted from the doleful Song,
He ſtill ſeem'd eager to prolong,
HORACE, in ſad and mournful Strains,
To Liſt'ning *Phœbus* thus complains;
Patron of Verſe, and God of Days,
Inſpirer of our Voice and Lays;
Permit me, in ſome diſmal Cell,
With *Goths* or *Leyden* Bards, to dwell,
Or to conſume my wretched Time,
'Twixt *Dublin* Verſe, and *Glaſcow* Rhime;
Nay, to augment my laſt Deſpair,
Place *Ayloff's* ſelf, and *Marvell* there,
(A fam'd dull Pair, that purely wrote,
To raiſe our Spleen, and dye forgot,)
If ſuffering thus, my Works may be
From Criticks and Tranſlators free;
Or in one Wiſh, to ſum up all
The Plagues that can a Wretch befal;

May it be doom'd my harder Fate
To read whatever they tranſlate;
And hear, for Great *Auguſtus* Name,
In dull Heroicks *Arthur's* Fame,
His Sire in modern ſtory paſs
For what my lov'd *Mæcenas* was:
Let theirs exceed my Hero's Praiſe,
To ſave my Muſe from *Creech* and *Bayes*.

A *Proteus* * Wit almoſt eſcapes,
That writes, and fools in fifty ſhapes;
To pleaſe in every Art prepar'd
An Ath——eſt now, and now a Bard,
Phyſician ſtrait, another time
Projecting Tools to work in Rhime;
Or forging odd Receipts to make
Verſe, duller than his Worſhip's, take.
HORACE, moſt courtly grown and kind,
Exactly ſpeaks the Poet's Mind,
Stands Sponſor, by his Worth and Fame,
To guard his Infant Muſe from Shame:
Whilſt he in mighty Secrets deals,
And Beauties long obſcur'd reveals,

* *See the Mortality of the Soul, and* Licentia Poetica diſcuſs'd, *written by* Dr. Coward.

Does from his own Preſcriptions fall,
Gives fifty Rules, and breaks 'em all;
Tho' he that fartheſt from 'em ſtrays,
Bids faireſt much to win the Bays.
From Verſe he haſtens to diſpute,
Himſelf into a Nobler Brute,
Greatly reſolv'd his Murd'ring Quill,
Shou'd, certain as his Phyſick, kill:
He needs would have Mankind controul,
The Univerſe without a Soul;
That Matter, nicely wrought and ſpun,
Might all thoſe Mighty Feats have done:
Which Antient Dotards were inclin'd,
To attribute to Thought and Mind;
Thus as the Threads are drawn, it hits,
The coarſe are Fools, the fine ones Wits;
While others, of a middle ſize,
Prove Harmleſs things, not dull nor wiſe;
And hence it plainly comes to paſs,
That *C——d*'s now, what *Sternhold* was,
Becauſe in Nature's forming lift,
His Threads were of a clumſy Twiſt;
And Chance had ſo contriv'd his Doom,
To draw him from a hobling Loom.

A Proof within himſelf he feels,
That all Mankind is mov'd by Wheels;
That Chains, and Pendulums, and Springs,
With twenty other curious things,
Were firſt by artful Nature made,
Ere Clocks and Watches, form'd a Trade.
Exchange, great Sir, a word or two,
And your fam'd Theſis ſtill may do;
" Thou art thy ſelf compleat and whole,
" Thy Verſes only want a Soul,
" While both a different Fate ſhall try,
" Thou half, and they intirely dye,
" Condemn'd by thee, not partial Fate,
" E're to behold a future State!

Behold a Modeſt * Bard refuſe,
The Lawrels waiting on his Muſe!
Pitty firſt taught her how to ſing,
To try her Voice, and prune her Wing;
Touch'd with a tender *Chriſtian* woe,
In *Wallia*'s Realms to meet a Foe;
That Lawleſs long, and Unreſtrain'd,
Had in her Milky Dainties reign'd:

---

* *Mr.* Oldſworth, *the* Ingenious Author *of the* Muſcipula.

Had

And every Year triumphant won
A dow'ry for a Yeoman's Son.
VIRGIL that taught thy Muſe to ſing,
A Nobler Verſe could hardly bring,
Or on a Theme ſo mean and low,
More Thought and Majeſty beſtow ;
Henceforth his ſmiling Ghoſt ſhall move,
More Joyous thro' her Lawreat Grove ;
To hear thy tuneful Voice above.
Take than a Gift I trembling bring,
Inſtructed near thy Muſe to ſing ;
Which prun'd her Pinnions in that Shade,
Whence mine her earlieſt Flights eſſay'd ;
Both ſipping, to inſpire our Themes,
* Ox Eyes, for clear *Caſtalian* Streams.
Oh ! may thy Fame for ever run,
A Glorious Rival to the Sun ;
Till Mice in Pantreys ceaſe to dwell,
Or Brimſtone at *Glamorgan* ſell ;
" Till Mites no more in *Chedder* breed,
" Nor Goats on craggy *Pen-maur* feed ;
" Till Leeks and Onions ſmell amiſs,
Till Scrubbing ſeems no more a Bliſs ;

* Plates *in* Oxford *ſo call'd.*

" Till Great *Plinlimmon* leaves the Skies,
" Till thy Immortal Labour Dies.

While DENNIS aides the Muſe to ſing,
Or gives her Plumes, or clips her Wing,
Directs her cautious how to fly,
Unbeaten tracks along the Sky
With Safety we ſubblimely ſtray,
And Soaring gain the Realms of *Day*,
Till trembling from thoſe Heights above,
And Dazling Orbs, ore which we move:
Wee gently ſink in Humbler ſtrains,
To Vales beneath, and rural Plains.

Great *Tol——nd*, with his Name below,
Bought purely to make out the ſhow;
Adorns at once, and fills a Row,
(Tho' ſome averr it ſtrongly ſtill,
That Emptineſs could never fill.)
Had'ſt thou been wiſe, or dull by Rule,
Thy Silence might have skreen'd the Fool;
But thus to cant, and own it too,
No Mortal ſure but thee wou'd do;
The twilight Owl, and ſerious Aſs,
Would needs for Modern Criticks paſs,

Till

Till both their Want of Senſe betray'd,
One hooting, while the other bray'd.

Near BL——ALL his fam'd Rival lay,
But frowning lean't another way;
His Forehead into Wrinkles drawn,
To ſit within the Smell of Lawn:
But cloſe, as to his Elm the Vine,
Round pious *Baxter* ſeems to twine;
Adores the Saint, on bended Knees,
That taught him firſt to cant and pleaſe;
And to the wondring World reveal
Good Chriſtian Methods to rebel.

While MILTON's ſoaring Fancy flies,
And ſings of Feuds above the Skies:
Dreadfully fills the Heavenly Plain,
With Vanquiſh'd Powers, and Cherubs ſlain,
Surpriz'd and trembling from afar,
We ſcarce behold th' Immortal War;
Their Fauchions formidably bright,
Their Swords compos'd of beaten Light;
And beamy Arms with dreadful Blaze,
From each contending Van, amaze;

With dread wee view the Apoſtate Foe,
Plung'd in the deep Abyſs below.
See R——G on PHILLIPS till attends,
In Life in Death Harmonious Friends ;
Pleas'd his lov'd *Iſis* to forego,
To meet the Darling Shade below.
Who in th' *Elyſian* fragrant Bowers,
Beguile each day this ſmiling hours,
With more delight than Wine or Love,
Ere gave the Bards in Realms above ;
Each here tranſported to behold,
Rich branches bloom with radiant Gold
(Strangely ſurpriz'd to veiw an Oar ;
They ne're on Earth once touch'd before)
No more refulgent to their Eyes,
The * *Splendid Shilling's* Charms ſurprize ;
Once the ſole Bliſs of Heaven implor'd,
For that alone, by each ador'd ;
That Ale, or Oiſters cou'd command,
The Nobleſt Boons of Sea or Land :
And bid 'em, to enjoy a Freind,
From lonely Garret oft deſcend :

* *A very famous* Burleſque Poem *in Imitation of* Milton.

No longer to their Cells reſtrain'd,
Where Want and diſmal Darkneſs reign'd;
* With harmleſs Pun, and Clinches gay,
They now repeat each Smiling day;
Nor dreadful Reck'ning trembling Fear,
As if Kind H——RT too was there.
For vile Mundung, and ſumy Ale,
Incenſe and Odours, now exhal,
And ſipping Nectar from each ſtream,
No more of *Tiff*, and †*Viners* Dream;
Convinc'd their *Iſis* cou'd beſtow,
No Cups ſo ſoft as thoſe below.
No longer now the modiſh Gown,
In ropy ſhreds hangs quiv'ring down;
Tuckt cloſe, but gently, round the ſide,
Some diſmal Breach beneath to hide;
Or elſe protecting from the Air,
Some Parts, as Nature form'd 'em, bare.

See next the || Muſe that fill'd the Skyes,
With ſleepy lolling Deities;

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* *See the Deiſts Notions of a Future State, taken from their* Orthodox *Scripture of Virgil's* 6th Æneid. † *A very celebrated Univerſity Ale-Houſe.* || *Lucretius.*

Careleſs

Careleſs and Unconcern'd to know,
What Mortals acted here below :
Gives us Receipts of wondrous Fame,
New Worlds to raiſe, and Beings frame;
Which * *Burnet* by Experience knew
In every Tittle to be True :
After a long eternal round;
No Stage, to eaſe their Labour found,
The wearied Atoms all combine,
In different Forms themſelves to joyn;
Theſe ſink beneath, thoſe upward fly,
To deck and to adorn the Sky ;
In radiant Planets ſhine from far,
Or loſe their brightneſs in a Star.
Millions, for heavenly Forms unfit,
To meaner Fates below ſubmit:
While long the little ſportive Train
A thouſand Tricks attempt in vain,
Before they can fit Natures chuſe ;
And their Light Empty Beings looſe !
The brisk, the nimble, and the light,
To frame the Female World unite,
And while the Beauetous Kind they fill,
Seem to preſerve their Nature ſtill.

* Theory *of the Earth*

The Giddy into Order range,
But ſcarcely undergo a Change,
Still act, as in their antient ſphere,
Whirling in Mad Projectours here
Or elſe their roving Powers reſtrain,
Beneath ſome Madder Poet's Brain.
Thoſe of a rough and knotty make,
Their Stations all in Criticks take:
Which makes it harder much to gain
Their Senſe, than his, they wou'd Explain,
And much more skill requir'd to find
The Critick's, than the Author's Mind.
Thoſe of a tall and ſlender ſize,
In Monuments and Steeples riſe;
For Structures, like our Elm and Yew,
At Nature's Birth, ſpontaneous grew,
Inſtructed upwards how to climb
Without the help of Brick or Lime.
The Dull, the Empty, ~~and the~~ Gay
Conſent to take a different way
Theſe mingling form Coquetts, and thoſe
Unite in Aſſes, and *Beaux*!
Deſcending from a finiſh'd Star,
Some leave the Skies, to grace the Fair;

While

While thoſe to Heaven their Light confine
And theſe in *Lumleyes* Beauties ſhine,
In *Beaufords* Air they all unite
Their Softeſt Beams, their faireſt Light;
In *March*'s lovely Form ſurprize,
Or ſmile confeſt in *Biſhop*'s Eyes;
While Honeſt *Tindal*, thou and I,
Were form'd of Lumps, that downward fly;
And dayly give ſome wretched Proof,
Of our deſcending weighty ſtuff;
Which makes whate're we write or ſay,
Thus ſavour of out Kindred Clay!
And every fair and juſt deſign,
With ſuch a Nattive force decline:
That while we ſtrive ſublime to ſoar,
We ſink and founder ſo much lower.
Hence 'tis, our Labours come to nought,
Each beautous Product, which we thought
Of ſprightly Wit, and Reaſon Full,
Is ſtrangely leaven'd with the Dull;
But let us learn true Wiſdom hence,
Not whine like Fools for want of Senſe;
Rather accuſe our Partial Fate,
Aſſigning each ſo dull a Pate:

Purely

Purely by Nature form'd in ſpite,
To Plague Mankind in Print, and Write.
B——LY Immortal Honour gets,
By changing * *Que's* for nobler *Et's*:
From *Cham* to *Iſis* ſee him roam,
To fetch ſtray'd *Interjections* home;
While the glad Shores with Joy rebound,
For *Periods*, and loſt *Comma's* found:
Poor *Adverbs*, that had long deplor'd
Their Injur'd Rights, by him reſtor'd!
Smil'd to ſurvey a Rival's Doom,
While they poſſeſs'd the envied Room;
And Hiſſing from their reſcu'd Throne
Th' Uſurper's Fate, applaud their own.
The *Roman* Nymphs for want of Notes,
More tender, ſtrain'd their little Throats,
Till B——LY to relieve their Woes,
Gave 'em a Sett of *Ah's*, and *Oh's*:
More muſically to complain,
And warble forth their *Gentle Pain*.
The Suffering Fair no more repine,
For Vowels now to *ſob* and *whine*;

* *Horatius Emendatus*, invitis omnibus Criticis, ſic eſſe legendum pronuncio. *Modeſt Doctor Bently!*

In ſofteſt Air their Paſſion try,
And, without ſpoiling Metre, Dye:
With *Interjections* of his own
He helps 'em now to weep and groan:
That reading him no Lover Fears,
Soft Vehicles for *Sighs* and *Tears*.
Inſtructed by his Learned Code,
What makes a *Jig*, or forms an *Ode*,
We view what Various Beauties meet,
To leave each fragrant Line ſo ſweet;
How HORACE Lines our Paſſions keep
Awake, and B——LY's lull aſleep.
No Verſe can moan a limping Foot,
But he applies his Plaiſter to't:
With pious Care binds up the Sore,
And kindly bids it hop no more!
While with his helping Comments nigh,
Inſtead of Crutches to apply
To Crazy Verſe, (which envious Time
Had weakned both in Senſe and Rhime,)
For a lame Muſe's Surgeon meet,
Inſtead of Leggs, ſets broken Feet.
Tho' no one Single Charm can fly,
The Search of his Sagacious Eye;

That

(That * Horace but in vain pretends,
To own a Line which *B——ly* mends.)
The Reverend Critick hardly knows
If *David* writ in Verſe or Proſe;
While every String and Sounding Wire,
That erſt compos'd the *Roman* Lyre,
Were to the Sage as fully known,
As if the Harp had been his own!
Coud'ſt thou, great Bard, without a Qualm,
But hear rehears'd one pious Pſalm?
To ſlighted *David* lend an Ear,
Nor ſwooning what he ſung to hear?
We then might view thy learn'd Abodes,
With Hymns adorn'd, inſtead of Odes;
And thou thy ſelf perhaps content,
To con him o'er, at leaſt in *Lent*;
To mortify, the *Jewiſh* chuſe,
Regaling on the *Latian* Muſe.

Cloſe by, where Wits, in purple Pride,
And all their Glory, dreſt preſide;

* *See* Horatius Emendatus; *and Doctor* B——y's *Dedication of* Horace, *to the Earl of* Oxford, *deſign'd for the late Treaſurer, if he had continu'd in his Poſt till laſt* Chriſtmas.

Beneath a dark and Gloomy Cell,
A lazy *Goddeſs* choſe to dwell,
Well pleas'd to Slumber out her time,
'Twixt ſleepy Proſe and drowſy Rhime:
Dating from Books, her Empire's Fame,
Oblivion was her dreaded Name;
On Verſe and Lodanum ſhe feeds,
Now takes a Doſe, now Poems reads;
Each of Experienc'd Power to cloſe,
Her ſinking Eyes in ſoft Repoſe:
While *Ben*——*ly*, of more Sovereign uſe
Than Rhime it ſelf or Poppy-Juyce,
The *Goddeſs* trembles to explore,
For fear of never waking more;
Each weeping Wall bedew'd appears,
With *Cloe's* ſighs, and *Strephon's* Tears;
Sad *Dirges*, breathing Lovers Pain,
And ſoft Complaints of Virgins ſlain:
While Females Sonnets, Poets Themes,
Beaux's Stratagems, Projectors Dreams,
Around the lonely Structure fly,
Slumber a while, and gently dye.
A Thouſand wretched things above,
The Joys of Wine, the Sweets of Love;

That

That kindly promis'd Deathleſs Fame,
And Glories to their Authors Name,
Here in one Month for Reſt retire,
Deſcend, and decently expire.
Scatter'd, delightful to her Eye,
Rheams of **Reviews** and **Medleys** lye;
Wide to extend her Empire's Sway,
Keeping their Sires above in pay;
Soft Tranſport gliding thro' her Breaſt,
Of *Tutchin's* Works entire poſſeſt;
Who to augment the *Goddeſs* Power,
Was ſeldom known to ſlip an hour,
That did not gratefully produce,
Whole Pages for his Sov'reign's Uſe.
While now and then a Miter'd Friend,
Is graciouſly inclin'd to ſend;
His Tributes, and a Gift beſtows,
Among her *Bunnians* and *De Foe's*.

O'ercome with Rapture to ſurvey
Melodious Nonſenſe round her lay,
(While here each fruitful Labouring Preſs,
Groan'd with Seraphick Emptineſs;
Which every hour ſpontaneous came,
Kind to enrol its Author's Name)

While

While the great Patriots of her Reign,
That with their Pen's her Fame ſuſtain,
Wits, *Criticks*, *Politicians*, *Beaux's*;
In meaſure Nod, and Sleep in rows.
Soft Tranſport does her Thoughts employ,
While thus ſhe ſpeaks her riſing Joy.

Hail mighty Names! to whom I owe,
My Empire's ſpreading Fame below;
By whoſe kind Labours I out-do,
The *Vatican* and *Bodley* too,
Who ſlighted Fame above diſdain,
With me in ſilent Night to reign.
What Rival Power did e're ſurvey,
A nobler Hoſt, adorn his Sway:
Or ſmiling view'd his crouded Skies,
Adorn'd with kinder Votaries?
You Bleſt Aſſociates beſt can tell,
What Numbers at my Altars fell:
When you approach'd, and only ſtay
Above, to own my Sovereign Sway.
'Twas I inſpir'd Great * *Whis——n's* Theme,
And nobly taught him to Blaſpheme,

* *A whimſical Theoriſt, and a late* Apoſtate *to* Socinianiſm.

By me inſtructed he withdrew,
To head a young Apoſtate Crew;
Who proud of ſuch a Leader grown,
With his ſtale Nonſenſe mix their own;
Liſping, their Trade they firſt begin,
By ſlow degrees advance in Sin;
Till rip'ned by Improving Time,
To thy grey Hoary Fame they climb,
And claim thoſe Lawrels as their due,
Juſtice before aſſign'd to you.
The * *Græcian* Sages too decree,
The Fame of all they write to me:
Beneath my Influence kindly breed,
Proud to blaſpheme, before they read;
In the dull Trade improve ſo well,
Firſt ſwear, and after learn to ſpell;
And oft a deathleſs Name compleat,
E'er perfect in their Alphabet.
Oh! wou'd they oft in Print appear,
What Rheams of ſtuff each fruitful year
Wou'd downward ſink, to ſwell my Fame,
Dully confeſſing whence they came;

* *A Scandalous Atheiſtcical Club, at the* Grecian Coffee-Houſe.

The hateful Realms of Light forego,
To hang in Empty ſhoals below;
Whoſe Labours, like a glimmering Fire,
Kindly as ſoon as Born expire,
Scarce th' Age of one ſhort Day ſurvive
Stone dead, e'er Breathing well alive!
'Twas I alone that hither drew
From * *Tyber's* Bank the warbling Crew,
That charm our wond'ring Theaters
With Witty † Lions, Bulls, and Bears,
Deſign'd (if Fame ſays true) this Spring
To learn their Gamut too, and Sing.
Whoſe gay Harmonious Nonſenſe drown'd
Beneath ſoft Airs, and helping Sound,
Paſſes with Criticks of the Pit
For Sterling Senſe, and *Engliſh* Wit.
Each Valet now muſt blow his Fire
In Notes as ſoft as *Alamire*,
Nor dare Perfume his Maſter's Hair,
Or rub his Boots without an Air;
Hear him, in ſofteſt Muſick tell,
His Lordſhip's running Nag is well;

* *The* Italian *Singers.* † *See* Hydaſpes, *Act third, a Hero drubbing a Lyon.*

Oblig'd

Oblig'd a bolder Note to uſe,
Informing when he loſt his Shoes ;
Sill riſing to a Nobler ſtrain,
To Paint him ſcouring o'er the Plain.
The Rival Waiting-Maid to find,
Her Spark to Muſick thus inclin'd,
Tells Madam ſinging, that *ſhe ſpoils,*
Her Tea, to drink it e're it boils ;
While Notes more Penſive far relate
Her Lap-Dog's unexpected Fate.
The Hero burning to engage,
Moſt ſweetly murmurs out his Rage :
Defers to ſhew his Wrath too ſoon,
Or Kill his Foe, to ſpoil his Tune ;
Tho' both are warm'd with equal Fire,
They can't without one Song expire,
In doleful Dirges, but too late,
Hear how they ſigh each other's Fate ;
For Notes thro' all the *Gamut* try,
To fall more tunefully and die.
See how my crouded Region fills,
With Colonies Entire from * *Wills* ;

* *A celebrated Academy in* Convent-Garden, *oblig'd by its Charter to furniſh out a dozen of* Engliſh *Wits every Year.*

Slumb'ring in Rival Ranks they ſnore,
And meditate ſharp Clinch no more;
Their Merit by their Dulneſs prove,
Out-dreaming thoſe they left above!
'Twas I, my Empire to enlarge,
Gave *Hoadly* firſt my Royal Charge,
To Preach Rebellion, and in ſpite
Of *Duty*, *Oaths*, and *Senſe*, to write.
'Tis I that by my Influence ſtill,
Direct Great * *Toland*'s ſacred Quill;
And lately by my ſoothing Power,
Seduc'd Myſterious † *D——d——ll* o'er;
Who, to his bright Immortal Fame,
Was never known ſix weeks the ſame!
While Fate thus makes a ſmall amends,
For what I loſt in kinder Friends;
(As when it forc't me to bewail,
Great *Hobbs's* Death, ſtill left me ‖ *Bayle*.)
Filling that Space that was deſign'd,
For *S——m's* Labours ſtill behind.
See how that Wall is *Sadly* hung,
With doleful Verſe, by Ladies Sung,

* *An inſolent audacious Deiſt and Republican.* † *See the Natural Mortality of the Soul by Mr.* Dodwell. ‖ *Two Intimate Friends, an* Engliſh *Atheiſt and a* Dutch *Socinian.*

And

And Penſive Airs by Lovers try'd,
Juſt as they kindly kiſs't and dy'd.
With Dreams and Sighs the next is blur'd,
With *Dolben's Eloquence* a third,
While to the Wicked, *Baxter's Call*,
Quite covers and obſcures 'em all.
Swiſs Lumber ſinks to our aboads,
Not poorly by the Quire, but Loads;
While *Leyden Rhimes* ſubmiſſive come,
And croaking, ſupplicate for Room.
* *Scotch* Creeds, and Articles explain'd,
Cloſe by in Silence Slumb'ring reign'd
With myſtick Comments ſo perplext,
The Notes are darker than the Text.
Fam'd † *Theoriſts* by dozen's rot,
Juſt as the Worlds they fram'd, forgot,
And in thoſe very Atoms fall,
They vainly forg'd to raiſe this Ball;
Which prov'd their Theſis partly true,
Fate ne'er cou'd build, but might undo,
And that dull Books might ſooner dance,
Than Planets, into Form by Chance;

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* *The* Solemn League *much preferable to the Apoſtles Creed, about* Edinburgh. † *See the* Moſaical Hiſtory *corrected and confuted by* Whiſton, Woodward Burnet, Carteſius, *and* Ovid's Metamorph.

Wou'd ſmiling Fate but once inſpire,
Hybernian Bards, to touch the Lyre,
Gently in *Dublin* Airs to ſing,
And their fam'd * *Harps*, long ſilent, ſtring;
Now wanting room, I muſt implore,
Kind Heaven, with ardent Vows for more:
Where ſhall I place my future Frieneds
If *Collings* monthly Tributes ſends?
If *Cl——k* and *H——re*, to choak me quite,
Without remorſe or pity, write?
Ye envious niggard Powers, who e'er
Allot each God his Empire's Share,
To all ſuch ſpacious Realms aſſign'd,
Why am I only thus confin'd?
From theirs how different is my Doom,
They grieve for Subjects, I for Room?
Extend my Realms below, great *Jove*,
Or ſtop great *B——s* Pen above!
Gods! in what ſable liquid Show'rs
And Inky Deluges he pours,
Each Year his ſickly Nonſenſe down,
Ten ſuch wou'd half my Empire drown,
And force me, to preſerve my Breath,
To quit my Stiffling Cell beneath.

* *The Arms of* Ireland.

Whatever

Whatever Theme his Muſe has got
She ſtill maintains her Fav'rite Trott;
Still one dull Pace demurely jogs,
O'er Rivers, Meadows, Launs, and Boggs;
While dreſt with equal Charms are ſeen
A Milk-maid here, and there a Queen;
And Strains as Mournful fill the Sky
When Porters as when Monarchs die.
Still to proceed the Goddeſs try'd,
'Til *S——le's* Immortal Works eſpy'd,
Trembling her dreaded Foe to view;
She ſunk and ſilently withdrew,
(While *S——m's* Labours, round her ſpread,
Suſtain and prop her drowſey Head.)
Hail mighty Name! of all, they Pen
Has drop't to charm both Gods and Men,
Time nor Oblivion e'er ſhall boaſt
One Line, or ſingle Period loſt!
Improving Youth, and Hoary Age,
Are better'd by thy matchleſs Page;
And, what no Mortal cou'd deviſe,
Women, by reading thee, grow Wiſe;
Divines had taught, and Husbands rav'd,
Now threatned, then as poorly crav'd,
But ſpite of all, the ſtubborn Dame
Remain'd our Curſe, and ſtill the ſame;

Modiſh

Modiſh and Flippant as before,
The ſmoothing Paint, and Patch are wore;
Two hours each morning ſpent to dreſs,
And not one Ounce of *Tea* the leſs:
While the provoking Ideot Vows,
Her Lover Fairer much than Spouſe.
Great SOCRATES but vainly try'd,
To ſooth the Paſſions of his Bride;
Her Female Empire ſtill ſhe holds,
And as He preaches Peace, ſhe Scolds:
In vain he talks, in vain he writes,
One kiſſing, while the other bites;
Precepts with her, and Moral Rules,
Are only Ginns to hamper Fools:
And preach and dictate what he will,
Madam perſiſts *Xantippe* ſtill.
But Wedlock by thy Art is got
To be a ſoft and eaſy Knot;
Which ſmiling Spouſe and kinder Bride,
Now ſeldom wiſh ſhou'd be unty'd;
Think parting now the Greateſt Sin,
And ſtrive more cloſe to draw the Ginn:
Taught by thoſe Rules thy Pen inſtils,
Nobly to conquer Human Ills;
The Female Sufferer now ſuſtains,
Each mournful Loſs, with leſs'ned Pains;

A Week is now enough to pine,
When puking Lap-Dog cannot dine;
While Grief as real ſwells her Eyes,
When Spouſe, as when her Parrot dies.
The Fop no longer ſhall believe,
Senſe ty'd to every modiſh Sleeve,
Nor, conſcious of his Wants, preſume,
To meaſure Merit by Perfume;
That Courage in *Pulvilio* dwells,
The Boldeſt he, who ſtrongeſt ſmells;
To prove his Senſe, no longer bring
The doughty Proofs of Box and Ring;
Strongly profeſſing ne'er to know,
An Aſs conceal'd beneath a Beaux.
Each taught by thee, ſhall hence confeſs
Vertue has no regard for Dreſs;
That the bright Nymph as often dwells,
In Homely Bays, as rural Cells;
And in a Ruff as fairly ſhin'd,
As now to Modern Peak confin'd;
Bluſhing thus half expos'd to View,
Both her ſelf and Miſtreſs too.
The Widow pining for her Dear,
Shall curſe no more the tedious Year;
In Sighs conſume each penſive Day,
Nor think it long from *June* to *May*;

See how the Penſive Relict lies,
Oppreſt with Spouſe's Fate, and dies;
That *Betty* with her Drops in vain,
Recals her flying Soul again;
No Colour now ſo fair appears,
As is the Sable Veſt ſhe wears,
To be her Only Garment vow'd,
Till Death exchange it for a Shroud,
And her cold Aſhes kindly place,
Once more within her Lord's Embrace.
The Ladies pleas'd with thee to dwell,
Aſpire to write correct, and ſpell
We ſcarce behold, tho' writ in haſte,
Five Letters in a Score miſplac'd;
Marſhall'd in rank they all appear,
With no Front Vowels in the rear,
Nor any out of Shame or dread,
Skulking behind, that ſhould have led;
In every line they now demurr,
'Tis now no longer *Warthee Surr*;
With half our Uſual ſweat and pain,
Wee both unravell and explain,
Nor call in Forreign Ay'd to find,
In Miſtick terms the Fair ones Mind.
Maintain Great Sage thy Deathleſs Name,
Thou canſt no wider ſtretch thy Fame,
Till Gliding from her Nature Skyes,
Vertue once more delighted Flyes;
By each adoring Patriot own'd
And boaſts her ſelf by Thee Enthron'd.

FINIS.